

Good Morning 737

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Jane Tumbled on Real War Secret

JANE nearly broke a secret during one of her adventures in 1942. Now it can be told.

She was working in a plane factory and got mixed up in a sabotage plot, and by one of those mishaps of hers, she got caught up on the tail of a plane.

The sabotage scoundrel had been tampering with it, and the engine exploded.

Jane was able to grab the leaping pilot's parachute, but only just, and down she came, hurtling, plonk into the pilot's seat of the plane.

It made a perfect landing.

Now here's the point. When the artist drew that plane, he invented the name "Meteor X." Just before it was printed, somebody spotted the name and it was altered to "Fighter X." Thus Jane was saved from the perils of prosecution under the Official Secrets Act, because the Air Ministry had a

secret plane in the making just then, which it decided to call "Gloster Meteor." Pure coincidence.

Gloster Meteor did not come off the secret list till July this year.

...while Jane finds herself unexpectedly in the Pilot's seat of Fighter X!



MARTIN THORNHILL recalls Famous Song Hits

Sir Tom's Penny Whistle Saved a Sleeping Army

MORE songs are born out of war and strife than out of any other motive. Most are steeped in romance, and the best of them, if not the red-hot favourites they were at their birth, still head the list of national airs.

There is "Men of Harlech," still the traditional war song of Wales; it braced the defenders of that hardy castle through eight long years of siege, until starvation forced their surrender.

Few tunes did more to rouse men to maximum effort and gallant sacrifice than "The Wearing of the Green," which fanned a sacred flame in the defiant breasts of Irish nationalists—unless it was the songs that helped to win the last two wars.

"Pack up Your Troubles," the composer of which, Felix Powell died about three years ago, helped many warriors.

"Tipperary," first the marching song of the Old Contemptibles, was later dubbed "the song that won the war."

It probably did, judging alone from the fact that it was translated into a dozen other languages. "Roll out the Barrel," and a score of others, are still in the memories and on the lips of fighting men.

In the greatest military successes music—mostly stirring, rhythmic music—has played a

vital part. The Crusaders saluted forth to the brave chants of the "Crusaders' Hymn." How often, during the great travail of the stricken Soviet Armies, we listened to the song of Stenka Razin the Cossack, one of the most stirring tunes that ever came out of Russia, and which has brought many a victory to that doughty body of men!

Years after their virtual extinction by mechanisation, the Cossacks again came charging back into the picture, with artillery and Tommy-guns strapped to their steeds, but always with the traditional song on their lips.

National Anthems, too, have often played a vital part in big victories. The "Star-Spangled Banner" virtually turned an American defeat into victory in 1814.

One by one, weary heads were raised inquisitively from the cobblestones. When the men had hoisted themselves into a sitting position, Sir Tom's batman hastily dealt out the deserted shop's full stock of mouth organs.

In less than a quarter-of-an-hour the battalion, weariness forgotten, or at least abated, were blowing, whistling, singing and marching behind the tootling Sir Tom to safety.

As a recruiting song and battle rally, the martial "Marseillaise" has a record unbeat-

en, judged by the standards of its demonstrative owners. Our own counterpart has indirectly roused more Britons to stern endeavour than could ever be measured. It was warmly admired by Weber and Brahms; also by Beethoven, who saw fit to introduce it into his purposeful Battle Symphony which inspired our own and enslaved Europe's V Campaign.

'Twas ever so.

A woman once wrote from San Francisco to the B.B.C., to say how much she enjoyed the Empire broadcasts, and to inquire the name of their delightful theme song. Her mistake was understandable; confusion often arises through a number of countries having adopted the ordered and martial strains of "God Save the King" as the theme for national airs of their own.

It was, in fact, this tune that inspired the writing of "Deutschland über Alles," and nobody assessed the soul and body-stirring power of the right kind of music more accurately than Hitler. Horst Wessel's song

Rent Next to Nothing

THOUSANDS of people in Britain to-day would be glad to get a house to rent at almost any price. But there are fortunate people who have houses for which they pay no rent, or next to none!

The first rents were almost invariably in the form of services. The owner of the property let it in return for services or even agreement to render services if called upon. When services of this kind were no longer required, a purely symbolic rent in money or kind was fixed in place of them by which the tenant admitted the landlord's rights.

In many cases the rent is a "peppercorn," the peppercorn being the smallest and least valuable thing that could be thought of—rather like the farthing sometimes awarded in law cases. There are still plenty of valuable buildings and sites in Britain let at a rent of one peppercorn a year.

One of the most famous is Burlington House, the home of the Royal Academy in Piccadilly. The Royal Academy pays the King one peppercorn a year for its very spacious home on a 999 years' lease, dating from 1937.

A peppercorn may also be the rent where an owner wishes to let a building to a worthy cause without rent, but must retain its real ownership.

Not long ago the Duke of Wellington gave Toc H a 999 years' lease of a house at the annual rent of one peppercorn. In other cases a bundle of faggots, a rose, a flag and even a snowball, is paid by the tenant as rent for a building or estate. A few years ago an electric lighting company offered the owner of a house in Kent a rent of one shilling a year for putting a cable under her drive.

The owner replied that she would not let the ground for a shilling a year, but would accept one red rose, which was much more picturesque than a shilling!

It was revealed a few years

ago that certain tenants of the King paid rents varying from one farthing to threepence according to whether their holding was a cottage or a house with three acres of ground!

There are also houses whose tenants never pay anything, because the rent collector never calls.

To the ordinary man it might seem impossible to own and let a house and then forget all about collecting the rent, but this has often happened—and is happening still. It is often only when the house comes within some town-planning scheme, or is to be requisitioned that the facts emerge.

Requisitioning during the war has thrown up a number of such cases. When the Southgate Council decided to use a house as a furniture store, they could not find a trace of the owner. All they could discover was that the house had been built ten years before and never lived in.

They took the house and will pay the owner rent if he or she ever turns up.

About ten years ago the tenant of a cottage in the Isle of Man was sued for six years' rent. No rent for the cottage had been paid for twenty years. The previous owner had apparently been quite content to have the cottage occupied so that there was someone about the place, without troubling to collect.

Post-war developments are sure to throw up a surprising number of cases where land and buildings have simply been abandoned or forgotten by their owners—already one case has occurred, at Minster-on-Sea, Isle of Sheppey, where many of the owners of many plots of land intended for development have simply "disappeared."

On occasions people have solved their housing problems by simply moving into houses which have been vacant for a long time.

When the Council authorities decided not long before the



war that a house near Clapham ought to be demolished as an eyesore, they found that the "tenant" had simply moved in, had lived rent free for years, and had never had a claim from the owner who could not be traced.

In another case people moved into the labourers' cottages on a 3,000 acre estate near Winchester. Years previously the owner had decided to give up farming, and had simply lost interest.

He never called for rent and the people who had "requisitioned" the cottages were glad to escape by payment of rates collected by the local council.

A strange "free tenancy" is that of the famous Westward Ho! golf course.

The land originally belonged to John Meluish, who died in 1780. He left his estate to the heir with the best claim to it after 200 years!

What will happen in 1980 remains to be seen, but meanwhile, not only the golf course, but also a neighbouring Lord of the Manor is rent free!

ROBERT DE WITT.

A.B. ERIC PARKER—Here's a dancing memory

HERE you are, A.B. Eric Parker, a photograph of two you have not seen before, and one only twice. We called on two occasions at 7, Hobart Lane, Hall-road, Norwich, to see Pearl, and were lucky to find her at home on the second occasion.

The nice little sister in the picture is only six, and not old enough for Sampson and Hercules, but she has an idea you are going to take her there one day.

Mrs. Thompson took some persuading to come in the picture, but she gave way when young Kathleen said it would spoil everything if she didn't.

Of course, you remember your visit to Norwich last September and the dance at Sampson and Hercules? A certain engineering firm remembers it, too. Nice of them to adopt your submarine.

Tell Charlie Wren a certain young lady wishes him the best

of luck. We only know her first name is Heather.

Have you heard about the canary Joey? He is a Norwich canary, all right, and a songster of some note. In fact when we arrived we couldn't hear anything but Joey. Funny thing is he stops when told to—just for a moment—then he is off again with top notes and all the rest of a canary's repertoire.

Pearl has heard several times from your mother, and all are well at your home in Langport, Somerset. Just in case you happen to get this near your birthday, Pearl wishes you many happy returns.

We happened to run across Mr. Thompson later. He said he was almost as curious to meet "Good Morning" as he would be to meet you. He thought both were doing a good job of work. Speaking for ourselves, we would say it was handsome of him!

USELESS EUSTACE



"But, ref., things were getting serious! I let seventeen goals through last week!"

hit, and a host of other cunningly chosen provocative favourites probably achieved every bit as much as the Fuehrer's most fiery harangues.

In music, as in other things, one man's meat may be another's poison. The German tunes left most listening Britons cold, unmoved.

There is, however, an element of truth in the fiction about the bagpipe music that revived an injured Scot, but knocked out a dozen Englishmen in the same hospital.

All the same, it is difficult to think of anything that surpasses the fervour roused in Scotsmen at the rhythmic wail of their native pipes, skirling out among the Scottish hills.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

Address:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Nell Gwynne was a Honeysuckle

By
Jack Greenall

NELL GWYNNE was born up an alley in Drury Lane, London, in 1651, had a pretty face, red curly hair, loads of wit, and was as sweet as a nut.

Her chances in life were practically nil; for a father she had a broken-down foot-slogger, who passes out of the voting register right now; for a mother, a tough old bird who hit the bottle night and day, and wound up, feet first, in a pond out Chelsea way.

Nell earned a living with a bunch of dead-end kids, selling oranges to toffs, under the tuition of one Orange Moll, who seems to have held the orange monopoly in these parts.

You'd also got to be easy on the eye to sell oranges for Orange Moll.

Well, one evening while Nell was hawking her oranges and saucing the gentry (who loved it), who should come sauntering out of the side entrance of Drury Lane Theatre but Charles the Second, King of England.

Charles always sauntered, according to the books; he never walked.

Letting his eye rove, as it always did, he spotted Nell, and switched on the glamour.

Nell sauced him and offered an orange, which Charles took without paying (he never paid—somehow he never had the ready) and stuck it on the top of his cane, not knowing then, of course, he'd unconsciously invented the Belisha Beacon!

After chucking Nell under the chin and telling her she was just his hand-writing, Charles said what about a quick one at the "Peacock," where his credit was still good. Nell asked what they were waiting for, and hooking her arm into his passed into the saloon bar. How's that for democracy?

Charles ordered up a round of spiced ale and some Naples cake, Nell going the paying, and saying what fine company she'd got herself into!

Closing time found Charles a little tipsy, and telling Nell she was a "nymph of the glade." Nell, who'd never seen a glade, wondered what it was all about! She danced a French gigue; Charles then sang, I believe,

What happened when Orange Moll counted Nell's takings for the day was never stated!

The next we hear of Nell she'd blossomed out as an actress at the Theatre Royal, and was filling the house—at the tender age of 15, mind you—under the patronage of one Charles Hart, who adored her.

Standing in the queue also was a Guards officer, called Robert Duncan, who said he was interested in the management; as good excuse as any.

Charles came often to see Nell act, but that's as far as things went.

One year later Nell popped up in Epsom with a Lord Buckhurst, and lived with him there for a time. Nell was legging it up the social ladder.

Parting from this Buckhurst bloke at length, we now find Nell travelling back up the line to town, where she has met Charles again; and he, now head over heels in love with her, installed her in a suite of rooms at his palace in Whitehall, 1212, where the innards of clocks claimed his constant attention, among other things.

Although Charles had other mistresses at this time, Nell's wit and affection held him like a vice.

Talk about being buddies! They were as close as the ivy on the wall

Of course, some of the other mistresses gave Nell the berries, particularly Lady Castlemaine, who had given Charles five children and had regarded him, up to then, as her own cup of tea.

Shows you what you get for takings things for granted!

Charles at this time was 39, tall, dark and handsome, loved

outdoor sports, and indoor ones, too, had a ready wit, and was married to Catherine, a Portuguese Princess, who lived some-where on the premises. Charles had forgotten exactly where, he just couldn't be bothered.

Catherine, I regret to say, didn't come up to standard. She was bandy, and also had a sallow complexion and an oily skin—she was one, in fact, who should never sit in the front seats.

Another favourite of Charles's was Louise Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. My word! Did she create a scene when Nell moved in!

No wonder Charles took up astronomy for a time as a sideline, and sat for hours with his eye glued to the glass.

A weaker man would have handed in his portfolio and retired to a monastery.

Some girls, seeing how the land lay, would have handed the key back, but not our Nell. She hadn't lived in Drury Lane for nothing; she chivvied 'em all back, Cockney style, with trimmings, and in no time was the darling of the Court.

Old Sam Pepys, of diary fame, was crackers about "Mrs. Nellie," as he styled her, and had a heck of a job to keep his emotions under control!

Even the tax-payers fell for Nell in a body, and cheered lustily when she referred to herself as "the Protestant huzzy." "One of us," they said.

Nell was now firmly established as a Court favourite, as

coats, who never die but only fade away.

Apart from this, Nell's gifts to charities were beyond count. I believe, given her head, she'd have given Whitehall away, Horse Guards Parade and all!

She even gave Charles two sons. Charles had a quiverful already, but he adored them, creating the eldest, Charles, Duke of St. Albans.

Charles died in 1685, age 55, worn out by cares of State, it is said. Well, that's as good an excuse as any.

"Let not poor Nellie starve" were practically his last words. Nellie didn't, but survived him by only two years, dying of apoplexy in 1687 at the early age of 37.

I'd have given the shirt off my back to have seen Nell giving those stuck-up duchesses those grand old lads in the red the fruit, wouldn't you?

QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a flock of ducks?
2. What new cathedrals are now being built in Britain?
3. A blindworm is a worm, snake, lizard?
4. What is the highest score that can be obtained with three darts?
5. What does "low" mean in place-names like Hounslow?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Carmine, Scarlet, Vermilion, Ultramarine, Crimson.

Answers to Quiz in No. 736

1. A host of sparrows.
2. Sir Christopher Wren.
3. Adder (or viper), grass-snake, smooth-snake.
4. Eleven.
5. "Lea" means meadow; "ley" means a clearing in a wood.
6. Unicorn is a fabulous animal; others are real animals.

They Gave You Honey

THE following are some of the Associations and private donors of the honey which submariners have so much appreciated:—

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P. A. J. Watson, Esq., Hon. Sec., Eastern Division, Sussex Beekeepers' Association, 4 Endwell Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

M. W. McCombe, Esq., 16 Castlehill Road, Knock Belfast, N. Ireland (on behalf of Newtonards and District Beekeepers' Association and S.E. Antrim Beekeepers' Association).

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Miss R. Burrow, Hon. Sec., Devon Beekeepers' Association, The Walronds, Collumpton, Devon.

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E. E. F. Rose, Esq., Hon. Sec., Walmer and District Branch, Kent Beekeepers' Association, Mayfield, Sandwich, Kent.

Mrs. M. Turnbull, Northumberland and Durham War Needs Fund, 1 Lovaine Row, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1. (Gift, 40lb., sent by H. E. Pearce, Esq., "Borden Hill," Pant, Oswestry). (Shropshire Beekeepers' Association).

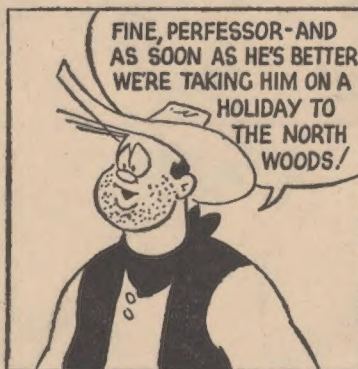
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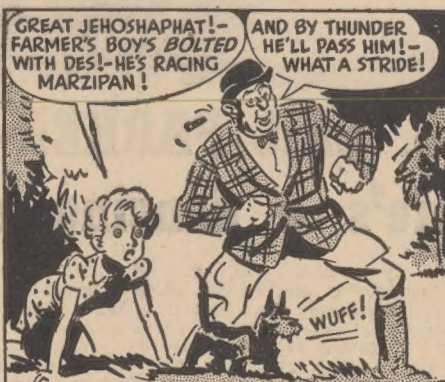
Mrs. E. L. Templeton, Chairman, Whitechurch and District Beekeepers' Association, New Barn Farm, Whitechurch, Hants.

R. A. Ready, Esq., Hon. Sec., Bristol Branch of Somerset Beekeepers' Association, Upfield, West Town, Bristol.

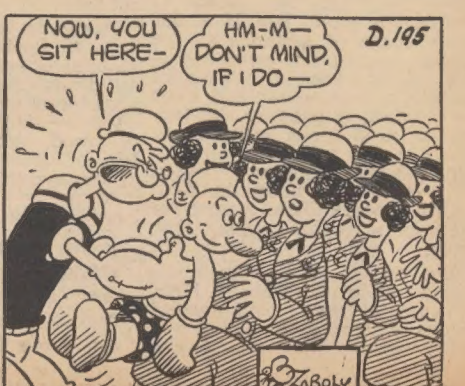
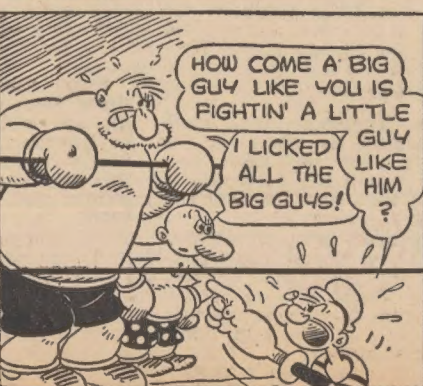
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



"He says he wants the Battle of the River on his chest and the Bismarck sinking on his back!"

Wangling Words No. 675

- 1. Behead a scheme and get a great deal.
- 2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: Haeyoueerriedadeadiolet?
- 3. What two countries in Europe can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: A little training in manners completely him of his — habits.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 674

- 1. L-eff.
- 2. Look at those eleven yellow lamps.
- 3. TIFFIN.
- 4. Corps, crops.

JANE

I Collect—Fans By Simon Staffery

WHEN I started out collecting old fans I had to keep in mind quite a lot of things: my collection mustn't really cost much money. It had to be "queer" enough to keep me out of competition with wealthy people, it had to be small and not too bulky for the rooms I live in, and it had to be decorative and satisfying to look at.

Old fans lead me a dance! I spend all my off-duty time hunting up likely sources of antique fans, and in so doing am developing both my appreciation of some of the beautiful things of life and also my history, for on the leaves of my fans are inscribed the tales of nations, the rise and fall of kingdoms and dynasties.

Some of them are Chinese (the Japs copied the idea over 1,200 years ago), but the most interesting are old English and French—and it is not always

easy to tell just what is the true nationality of a fan. You meet German, French, Italian, Hungarian, Dutch, Swiss, Spanish.

By the time you've dabbled in the hobby for a few months you begin to know your Europe!

Some of the best fans were at one time in a private collection in Karlsruhe, Germany, but, fortunately, some were bought by American collectors and came on to the British market just before the war. If this had not been the case it is doubtful if they would have survived Allied bombing.

German fans of the eighteenth century are rather heavy in character, both as to painting and decoration.

Italian fans are distinguishable by fine colour of painting and Renaissance-style decoration, with large mounts and small sticks.

English fans are remarkable for their classic treatment.

Spanish fans are hard to recognise, as they are mostly copied from the French.

Millions of middle-class Spanish women like to use fans when sitting on the sunny side of a bull-ring arena, and there are literally hundreds of Spanish fans here for collectors.

French fans, of course, take first place for elegance, beauty and costliness, yet a keen collector can often pick up a good one for a few shillings.

Fans made entirely of finely carved ivory, horn or tortoiseshell, and varnished all over, were first made in Holland about 1734, in imitation of Chinese lacquer work.

These Dutch fans were generally quite small, and painted with a garland or small wreaths of flowers, in which

the prevailing colours are blue and pink.

The French were quick at adapting this style of fan and improving on it. We find Louis XV fans carried out in ivory, bearing on one side medallions of figures, and flowers and foliage on the reverse.

The perfecting of the process of varnish was achieved by the four brothers Martin, of Vernis Martin fame, coach-makers to Louis XV.

But a good many of the so-called "vernis-martin" fans are not the actual handwork of the brothers, but by the host of imitators.

Of the genuine Vernis Martin fans, the centre-pieces by Huet represent rustic groups of figures or animals, and these fans are very valuable to collectors. They may be picked up quite cheaply if luck is with you.

In the early specimens of the

French pleated fan (you may be fortunate enough to find one as early as 1600), the parchment mount is often decorated with an imitation of lacework running along the top.

Japanese fans are not valuable; you can generally tell them by their size.

Jap Court fans, of between 100 and 200 years ago, often measure 24 inches across, and have strange appendages of tassels and chenille braids which swept the ground when the lady fanned herself.

I collected fans for several months before I came across some good Oriental ones. Jap fans being so common, it is easy to overlook something which really is valuable.

One such was an old Chinese fan, about the year 1660, with sticks and guards of silver or gilt filigree work, ornamented with a plain design in translucent enamel, the same on both sides.

The "paper" mounts may on close inspection be more interesting than you'd imagine.



True or False ? THAT THERE IS A "LOST" CITY OF ATLANTIS.

IS THERE, somewhere at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, a once prosperous city called Atlantis?

Hundreds of expeditions searched for the "lost Atlantis" and it was even marked on maps until two or three centuries ago.

In actual fact a "Green Island" which is a derivation of Atlantis, appear on English charts as recently as the middle of the last century, although a not very difficult voyage would have shown that it did not exist!

Ancient Greece got the myth from Egypt, where the belief was that it had been a powerful kingdom ninety centuries before, and that it had ruled the Mediterranean countries until the sea engulfed it.

Plato chose Atlantis as the site of his ideal Republic, but that is not to say he believed it had actually existed.

But there is no scientific evidence that any great island ever existed in the Atlantic, and was engulfed by the sea, much less that it was in an advanced state of civilisation centuries before Egypt and Babylon.

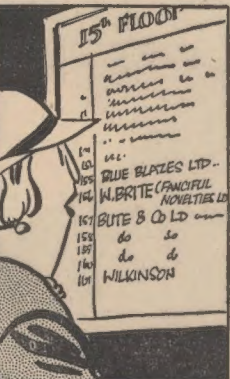
The evidence, indeed, is all to the effect that Atlantis is one of those myths that attract human beings because they combine a romantic story with Utopia. A touch of the "Lost Horizon" appeals to all but the most prosaic.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

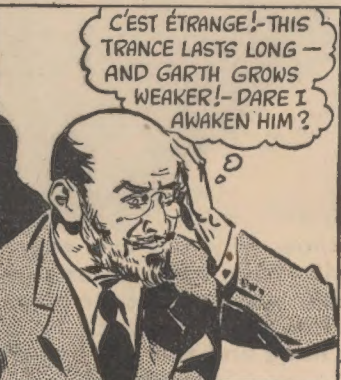
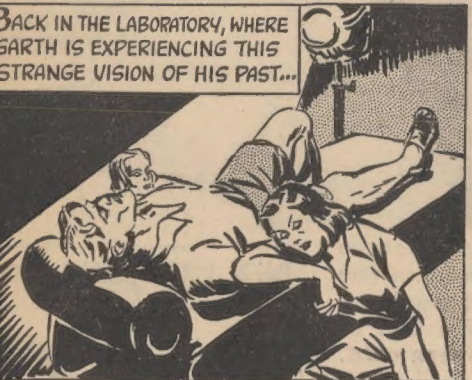
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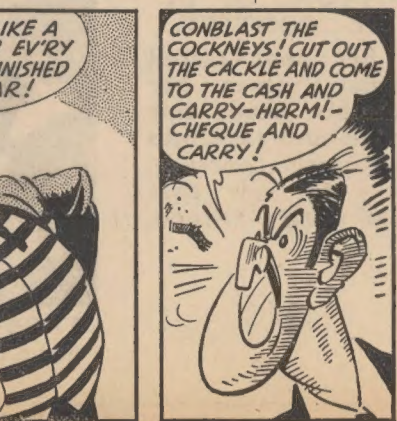
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Baked. 7 Cattle group. 11 Fastened. 13 Through. 14 Small part. 15 Penalising. 17 Vigour. 19 Poem. 20 Ordain. 22 Knots. 24 Wooded hollow. 25 Colour. 26 Disturbance. 28 Boy's name. 30 Predicament. 32 And in French. 34 Lipped glasses. 36 Pronoun. 37 Inferior. 38 Republic. 40 Firm. 41 Cathedral town.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Crowned. 2 More times. 3 From. 4 Hide. 5 Rejoice. 6 Gainsay. 8 Dainty diner. 9 Clerical diner. 10 Stylish. 12 Dagger. 16 Prickling. 18 Fence. 21 Dandelion head. 23 Late occurrence. 27 Way of walking. 28 Recess. 29 Goes back. 31 Troops. 33 Meal. 35 Dine. 36 Paraffin. 39 Concerning.

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND.
A farm cart loaded with logs stops in a country lane at the village of Friday Street, near Leith Hill, in Surrey. The driver stops to pass the time of day with a cottage woman who leans from her upstairs window.



"BIG APPLE" PIP!
Remember the Big Apple? Well, here's the "pip" from which it grew. Plantation darkies stepping it to the music of a banjo and the clapping of the coal-black mammy on the right. The American negro has music in his hands, feet and head.



BOTTOMS UP IN JIVE CONTEST.
As her zoot-suited partner tosses her over his head, this bundle-punny assumes an attractive posture. Lucky for her that Mum wasn't around.



We don't know why, but this charming picture of Louise Allbritton reminds us somehow of the nervous suitor who saw a loose piece of wool and began to wind and wind until he had a ball of wool in his hand and the girl had a severe cold. Could be!



TABBY GOES TO EARTH. "Come out of there, you daft cat; you're not a fox, and I'm no John Peel. Though, no doubt, your cries on the tiles brought many people from their beds!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"This is me on the tiles."

